

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# My Trip Through Hate

EARNEST F. NELSON

*Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1946-1947*

MARCH 21, 1941 — THIS WAS THE DAY THAT MY EVENTFUL trip began. Wanting to do my share for this country, I volunteered for the Army Air Forces, and began the training for an airplane engine specialist. The job wasn't hard. I was thoroughly enjoying myself until the day the sign — "Niggers don't drink this water, Whites Only" — appeared over the water fountain. The culprit was mustered out of three thousand soldiers and given a sentence of six months, but the incident started me wondering, "What will I encounter?"

It wasn't until six months later that I began to realize fully my predicament. We were sent to Maxwell Field, Alabama, about one mile and a half out of Montgomery. When I arrived there I was startled by the signs. Above the train station one sign said, "The Cradle of the Confederacy"; on the side of a restaurant a sign said, "Keep Off These Grounds, Niggers"; and over the doors of the station were signs which later became familiar, "White Only" and "Colored Only." "Can this be true," I thought, "in America?"

When we reached the air field, the M.P.'s were lined up along the streets at twenty-foot intervals from the gate to our camping area, which, incidentally, contained the only tents in sight. The explanation given our squadron commander was, "Niggers have never been here before, and we want to keep down disturbances." After a few weeks at this field, I wanted to move on to Tuskegee, our home field, that was still under construction. The Post Exchanges refused to sell me anything "to be consumed within the establishment." They even refused to sell me after-shaving lotion because, as the saleslady put it, "You-all don' need this lotion do you-all? We only are supposed to sell it to white boys." Seeing the situation, I decided to go into town and purchase my toilet articles. The first pass issued was the last that I wanted. I made the grave mistake of sitting down in the front of the bus. It wasn't until about three hours later that I realized my error, and then I couldn't see daylight for the bandages about my head and eyes.

Incidents like this occurred often during our two months' stay at Maxwell Field. The one that impressed me, second to my beating, happened when one of my buddies and two civilians were drawing cards to see who would buy beer. A policeman passing by the tavern saw the cards and phoned for the police wagon. Booking my buddy as an accessory after the fact, they carried him to jail. It wasn't until two weeks later that we were notified of his being there. His fine — that was the funny part. They had charged him twenty dollars, but the fine was thirty-two dollars and a half. For each day's

work, he received one dollar; for each meal, he paid fifty cents; and he received three meals a day. This was the justice granted Negroes in the Cradle of the Confederacy. About two weeks later, I was on my way to Tuskegee. I knew that anything I might encounter there would be trivial to those things encountered in Montgomery. I was happy.

A week after arriving in Tuskegee one of our nurses was traveling home. She got on the bus in Tuskegee, and after three miles the bus driver asked her to stand up. "Why?" she asked. "Because niggers don't set next to white folks," he answered, and proceeded to beat her. Nothing was ever done about the incident. Why should it be? "A smart nigger woman had got her just receipts," was the only comment heard among the white people.

I went through eighteen months of this kind of "Hell," and you may rest assured that I was glad to leave for overseas duty. I did have at least one factor in my favor overseas. The German uniform would be different from mine, and I could fight back.

## We Need Action in Combating Racial Prejudice

ROBERT E. CAMPBELL

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947*

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN A NEGRO SITS DOWN NEXT to you on a bus or train? If you think as do the majority of your fellow "Christians," you squirm in your seat and wish you were in a different seat. You push your newspaper in front of your face as if it were shameful to be sitting there. If you are *not* so narrow-minded as the majority of your fellow "Americans," if you do *not* squirm, but act just as you would if a "white" had taken the seat, then it is you for whom these words are written.

It is not enough that we merely recognize the intolerance dealt Negroes today and mutter to ourselves, "My, my, what a pity. It just isn't right," then, with a shrug of the shoulders, dismiss it from our minds. Too many so-called "combatants" of racial prejudice limit their battle to just such an act.

If we are actually to combat racial discrimination, we must first understand why so many whites believe as they do — that they are better than any Negro — that the white race is superior.

We may trace such feeling to several sources, but all these sources have



one thing in common: they are man-made, worldly things. There is no such thing as a natural instinct of racial prejudice. In evidence of this, I ask you to watch two young children, one white, one colored, playing together. You will see no sign of discrimination whatsoever because there is no discrimination. They are too young to have been taught racial prejudice. The influence of parents, of the entire world, in connection with racial discrimination has not reached these two children. They play together as men were meant by God to live together — bearing no prejudice because of a difference in color.

Therefore, we may say that racial discrimination is not natural; it is drilled into men by men. It is not inborn; it is taught. On the other hand, racial tolerance and complete equality of race *is* natural; *it is* inborn. It must be reinforced in the home, in the school, and in the everyday relationships of life in order to drive out the fallacy of racial prejudice which has dominated man for ages.

This is no small problem. It has become a menacing factor to the preservation of democracy in the United States. Race riots have cost the lives of many thousands of United States citizens, and the persecution of Negroes in the South has become a black mark of barbarism in the history of our country.

Now don't shrug your shoulders and say, "It's true, but it's been that way forever. What can I do?" Whether you realize it or not, there is something you can do to help solve the problem which has arisen from racial prejudice. It will be no small job. As I have said before, it is no small problem.

It is your duty as a citizen of the United States, as a Christian, as a believer in the rights of man, to fight every evidence of racial prejudice which you may encounter. If you are a parent, do not allow your child to become discriminatory towards those of a different race. If you are a teacher, stress the meaning of democracy in its sense of equality between men. If you are a writer, blast every sign of racial prejudice which crosses your path. If you are a speaker, use your every power of influence to sway your audience from the ignorance of race hatred to an attitude of understanding and race equality. If you are a factory worker, back the Negro's cause, if it is a just one, in order to equalize him in the eyes of management. If you are an employer, hire the Negro, if his work is good, instead of turning him down because he is black. If you believe in the Christian faith, in the equality of man, in the United States of America, sit next to that Negro on the bus and let him know you are with him and not against him.

If you recognize the fallacy of racial prejudice, then show your fellow man where he is wrong in believing the white race is superior. Since racial discrimination is not born in a child, see that it is not forced onto the children. Give the Negro an even break, for he has been dealt some foul blows, and he is your brother in the eyes of God.

# The Liberators

IRWIN KIPNIS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947*

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES OF America won a military victory in World War II, but defeated the principles for which they fought by not carrying them out in practice. To the peoples of the German and Japanese dominated countries of the world, the American serviceman was a symbol of democracy and a representative of good will. They regarded him as a man who respected the rights and ways of life of others. They regarded him so because his government vouched for him. And why not? A person must believe in something, and when everything else has failed, why not believe in the advance billing of the American serviceman. Their hopes for liberation arose with this belief, and they became very optimistic in looking forward to the day of the American occupation. Victory and occupation came. Optimism flared momentarily but soon subsided. The American serviceman was suddenly transformed from a democratic idealist to a disillusioned cynic. This was especially true in the South Pacific. The beliefs in such ideals as, for example, property rights and the pursuit of happiness were destroyed by the acts of our men. This sudden change can be attributed to the overseas rotation system and to the lack of orientation of the American servicemen.

\* \* \* \*

Early in 1942 the War Department set up groups of well-informed men known as the Counter Intelligence Commission, CIC. It was the duty of these groups to inform the fighting men of the terrain they were to fight upon, the types of persons they would meet in battle, and what not to eat on the various islands. It is quite evident that CIC succeeded in bringing these points to the attention of servicemen, but it is also apparent that CIC made no effort to inform the servicemen of the friendly peoples they were destined to meet.

As the war progressed, the members of the American Armed Forces began to meet the inhabitants of the South Pacific. Some of our servicemen who considered themselves far wiser and far superior called these inhabitants "gooks," a nickname used to describe their supposed inferiority, illiteracy, and moral degeneracy. Yet, all over the Pacific, incidents occurred that demonstrated that the natives possessed qualities of character that were in contrast to the connotations of their newly acquired name.

The Marines landing on Guam in the summer of '44 were amazed to



find that the Guamanian guerilla forces spoke English. As the Marines made their way through the island they found scientific dairy farms, truck gardens, and schools. Their surprise turned to respect, and the combat men began cooperating in every way to help better the natives' living conditions.

An Army Air Corps sergeant on Guam was racing against time in a jeep to reach Harmon Field, a large B29 base, where he was scheduled to leave on a bombing mission. While he was driving through a short cut on a portion of the island which was infested with Japanese snipers his jeep developed motor trouble. After several long minutes of frantic tinkering with the motor, the unarmed sergeant, deciding fate was against him, gave up. Suddenly there appeared a young native lad who had been watching the sergeant's predicament from a small cave in the immediate vicinity. Walking up to the sergeant in a military fashion the native lad saluted and said, "I can fix, Sir." The sergeant, willing to try anything once, gave his permission to the young native, and ten minutes later the sergeant appeared at Harmon Field.

Yankee ingenuity failed the Seabees when they were landing supplies on Kwajalein, but Polynesian ingenuity solved that problem and kept the supply lines moving. A bottleneck had been formed by an "M" boat loaded with two gasoline generators when a crane used for lifting heavy objects was put out of commission. While the Seabees sat pondering their new problem, their Polynesian native workers disappeared onto the island. About fifteen minutes later, they returned with five large logs, and while the Seabees watched in amazement, they placed the logs under the generators and rolled them out onto the beach.

\* \* \* \*

Military conditions were beginning to improve all over the world for the American Armed Forces, and a long dormant rotation system was put back into operation. The older and more responsible fighting men were replaced by new recruits in every theater of operation. For some unknown reason the Counter Intelligence Commission failed to acquaint these new recruits with the various incidents that had gained the fighting man's friendship and respect. In every port of embarkation fictitious stories were told about the "gooks," and prejudices were formed rapidly. The peace loving natives were unprepared for such men, and soon the entire South Pacific became a playground for vandals and rowdies.

A group of sailors stationed at the Naval Operating Base on Guam en route to a recreation center passed a native banana plantation. After surveying the ripened bananas and deciding their needs to be greater than those of the plantation owner and his family, the sea going gourmands began to raid the plantation. After a good portion of the ripened bananas

had been cut away, the sailors were discovered by the plantation owner and his son. To escape being reported to a nearby shore patrol station, the Navy men severely beat the elder native and his child, and left the scene singing, joking, and enjoying their stolen delicacy.

Letters from American servicemen to their senators were being sent daily on the issue of accepting Hawaii into the Union. Each letter contained reasons against the admission; each letter explained the unfriendliness of the Hawaiian "gooks" to the American servicemen. No explanation of the cause of this unfriendliness was given; the fact that the American servicemen regarded and treated the Hawaiian women as prostitutes was suddenly forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

Little has been said regarding the conduct of our occupational forces. A popular orchestra leader caused a flurry when she assailed the morals of the occupational troops in Japan, yet silence prevailed when a well-known movie star referred to the natives as "gooks." Military government officials realize the danger of permitting such acts of rowdyism and vandalism to persist — shown by a recent demonstration of Chinese college students asking "the American Beasts" to go home — and are asking the Counter Intelligence Commission to set up a more extensive and better orientation program.

## George

In the first place, I shouldn't even try to define George. Defining George is like selling peanuts and popcorn in front of the Parthenon or spitting from the top of Mount Vesuvius. It is pure sacrilege. But every time I try to think of a clear, concise definition of a cow or an apple or a foul ball I hear a harsh, compelling whisper, "Define George." There is no way out. I must define George.

George isn't much to look at. Most of the time you can't see him at all, but sometimes when you hear the rain against your window or bite into a big piece of lemon pie it comes to you in a flash — George is here.

You're sitting in the library trying to read, comprehend, and outline pages three to twenty-eight in *The Psychology of Normal People*. The words blur; the light goes dim; the chair reels. There is George dressed in dungarees and a white T-shirt, lying in a field of clover three feet deep, reading Rupert Brooke.

You're standing in line for supper. You're cold and you're hungry and you wonder why you didn't stay home and get a job at the "A and P." You lift your eyes into the hills, and what do you see? George is sitting on a private cloud, eating a Thanksgiving dinner served by three butlers and seven maids.

Ah, George. How can he be defined with tired little words on standard paper? He is the soft winds and rains; he is a cherry coke and a red sweater; he is the pleasure and pain of wanting, wanting something you know you never can have. — DONNA HOLSMAN



# For the Future—Teleran

STEPHEN LAMBDIN

*Rhetoric I, Final Examination, 1946-1947*

YOU ARE STANDING ON THE EDGE OF A FLYING FIELD. The visibility, along with the ceiling, is zero. The fog is so bad you can scarcely see thirty feet in front of you. Faintly at first, then louder and closer, the drone of an airplane fills the air. It seems to be circling the field. Abruptly there is no sound, only dead silence. A faint whistling sound comes closer and closer. There is the squawk of rubber on concrete, and very shortly the plane looms up in front of you.

How did it happen? How was this plane able to land in a fog so thick that ducks could almost swim in it? Let us go up into the control tower. There we see a man with a microphone staring at a six-inch circle of glass in the front of a huge and complicated switchboard. This is radar, specially adapted to landing planes. A dot of light moves across the circle of glass. The man speaks into the microphone. Abruptly the dot changes directions. As the man talks, the dot shifts ever so little on its course across the glass. Suddenly it stops. Another plane has landed.

This system of blind landing has the advantage of requiring no special equipment on the plane itself other than a two-way radio. The largest airliner or the smallest private plane can use it.

It is five years later, and you are flying a medium-sized cargo plane to Chicago. The weather closes in. You reach down and flip a switch. A round glass lights up. It reminds you of one like it that you saw five years before in an airport control tower. A picture with the important details of the country over which you are flying appears on the glass. There are also a couple of dots on it. One dot has a circle around it and represents you. It moves across the glass, and just as it is about to move out of sight, the picture changes. Now you see the next section of land you are about to fly over. The process is repeated. Just as the circled dot is about to move from sight again, a red light flashes. That means that there is already a plane in the next section at your altitude. You circle till the light goes out and then move on.

This amazing development is already in the experimental stage. At present it is known as "teleran." It requires much equipment, both on the ground and in the plane, as it is a combination of radar and television. The radar in each section picks out every plane in that section, then radios the planes and asks electronically the altitude of each. The equipment in the plane replies, and then the correct picture is sent to the proper plane by television. The

ground equipment will not allow two planes at the same altitude in the same section. If one altitude is full, it will tell which altitude is empty. It also sends pertinent details, such as wind velocity and direction. This information appears as writing on the circle of glass in the plane.

Yes, these are amazing developments. Are they leading to the obsolescence of pilots? No, but they will make flying much easier and safer.

## Heroines Step Down

JEAN MOORE

*Elgin Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947*

THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE BACK HOME WHO thought that an assignment as a flight nurse in the Pacific was difficult and tiresome. There were others who thought the task was glorious and heroic. Both of these groups were mistaken. Our job was comparatively easy and extremely interesting. Variety gave us an advantage over the nurses on the ground: we were never in one place more than a few days; we never cared for the same group of patients for more than twelve hours; each new plane load of wounded brought new diseases and injuries as well as new personalities to sharpen our wits and develop our ingenuity.

The place we thought of as "home" was Hickam Field, Oahu. Here we lived in fine houses with tiled baths, electric refrigerators, and hardwood floors. Rare and beautiful tropical flowers grew in abundance all around us. We were allowed two or three days of this luxury between our flights to less civilized spots where we collected our wounded and flew back with them. When we went "down under," we made the flight in one almost continuous trip of twenty or thirty hours with stops for only gasoline and food. On these trips we had no duties and could read, sleep, or play cards with the crew or other passengers. Upon arriving at our destination, we were given at least twenty-four hours' rest before starting a flight back. The return trip was well planned so that we had an average of eight and a maximum of twelve hours in the air with each load. We were then relieved by a fresh team who made the next leg of the flight.

Patients to be flown out were carefully chosen by flight surgeons. Each plane load was well worked out. There were never so many seriously ill patients in one group that we were unable to give them adequate attention. The four tiers of litters on either side of the cabin were arranged so that heavy casts were on the bottom, dressings that required frequent care were



on the second and third levels, and boys who could move about and care for themselves were at the top. Psychoneurotic patients were limited to five and were securely restrained toward the rear of the cabin where they would cause the least disturbance. There were always a few ambulatory patients who were very willing to help us with those who needed attention.

The attitude and responsiveness of the wounded aboard our planes made our duties a privilege and a pleasure in spite of the heartaches we often felt. While we prepared for take-off, the boys would seem tense and nervous under their covering of constant joking. As the uneventful routine of taking-off and preparing for the cooler high altitudes proceeded, their tension would gradually relax. One by one they would drop off to sleep or talk quietly of many things: "Remember the day we landed at Garapan?" "Tough, but Tinian was worse." "Too bad the marines and army got into that fuss." "Where do you think we'll jump to next?" "Anybody got a deck of cards?" Then they would begin a game of cards, and we would think that the situation was well in hand. And so it would be except for an occasional jarring note. Once, for example, we had a young marine who looked about seventeen and stared blankly into space refusing to talk. Finally, after a good deal of chatter on our part, he spoke reluctantly, "I've been out here eighteen months. A while back my outfit took Guam. Me and my gang ran across a couple of bottles of Jap stuff. Tasted good and we polished it off. The other guys are dead. Me, I'm blind. Yeah, those dirty devils had spiked the stuff with poison. Sometimes I can see a dark light, but that's not what's worrying me. How can I tell my mother I'm blind from drinking? She and Pop never took a drop in their lives. Think they'll understand?" Our answer, "Sure, Bill, mothers understand a lot more than you think. Don't worry," seemed inadequate but apparently reassured the unhappy boy.

The nurses who were stationed on one small island for months that often stretched into years had warped ideas of the Pacific area and of their value to anyone. The tiny island on which they lived made them feel isolated and alone and useless out in the middle of a big puddle of blue water. Flight nurses moved constantly back and forth from island to island and were able to see the beauties of the deep blue ocean dotted with little green and white islands. We were also able to see the plan of things which made each person a necessary cog in the huge wheel of war as it turned slowly toward victory.

Flight nurses were given too much flattering publicity for the small part they played in the Pacific Theater. Our job was not difficult, our hours on duty were not tiresome, our work was planned to make our tasks as uncomplicated as possible, and our rewards were both spiritual and financial. No ground nurse and certainly no fighting man can make such a statement. Let us, then, put the flight nurse down into her proper place as a minute part of an immense picture.

# How to Spend a Quiet Four Weeks

MARGE HALVORSEN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947*

SO YOU WANT TO PRODUCE A PLAY! SOUNDS SIMPLE, doesn't it? Perhaps it is — in the professional theatre. There the producer has a million and one stooges running around for him so that all he has to do is give the orders. However, when you produce a show — just an amateur production — there are no stooges awaiting your beck and call. You have no stage manager, costume manager, lighting technician, property manager, director, make-up manager, publicity chairman, house chairman, and so on, and so on, and so on. You have to be all those people rolled into one besides being all the subheads and crewmen. If you are lucky, you have a staff of sixty people, including your cast, and no one of those sixty has had enough experience to be the manager of any one department; consequently you are the goat.

First of all you must design the set for your production (since you have no scene designer), noting carefully the choice of colors — blue, cold; red, passionate; yellow — absurd, isn't it, but quite necessary.

Having successfully struggled through the "designing stage," you come up against the construction problem (since you have no construction manager). About the same time construction gets under way, direction comes along, so you have to divide yourself in two or run from the paint shop to the rehearsal stage all day long.

Duck, because here come some more headaches! In order to make a production profitable (the sole purpose of producing any play in the first place), the public must know what is going on, when it is going on, and where it is going on. In other words — publicity! You must call all the local newspapers and plead with them to write up an article on the play. Then comes poster publicity, word-of-mouth publicity, and any other type of publicity that you can think of.

But wait! You'd better divide yourself into quarters because along with publicity you have to take care of the business end. You must line up a printer for the tickets and programs, get the ushers and ticket takers signed up, number the seats in the auditorium, and arrange for places to sell the tickets.

From now on you not only stay up all day working on the production —



construction, direction, publicity, business — but you stay up all night poring over costume books, searching for the right costume for so and so, making sure that the colors will harmonize with the set, and rummaging through the costume chest for a few remnants that can be sewed together and made to look like an old Spanish shawl.

Now what? Well, the set is almost finished, the play is shaping up, publicity is getting along fairly well, business is ready to get under way, costumes are being made, ripped up and made over again, and — oh, yes! What good are the set and actors if there is nothing on the stage for the Thespians to eat from or sit on? Properties. What do you need? Now let's see — a desk, a round table, a sofa, two twin armchairs, and a floor lamp. Oh, let's not forget hand props like a cigarette case, a table lamp, pictures for the walls, a vase, flowers.

The set is finished and ready to be put up. "Get some braces, hold leg number two, take the cyc up, screw the braces, set her up, foot it," plus a few magic words not fit for print, and the set is up. Now you move in the props that you have managed to wheedle out of your dear friends, and you have a semblance of a living room. What good is a scene if none of the audience can see it? Lights! "Get out the gelatins, bring me some baby spots, put on border number two, fade on number six spot, put on the hanging floods, up with the foots," — and then just hope.

Comes dress rehearsal night. Set, props, lights, costumes, actors — well, what do you know, we forgot something. Ha! Ha! No make-up. You madly dash around putting base seven on Joe, number four on Beatrice, blue shadow on Betty, white lines on Jack, powder seven-and-one-half-R on Mabel. Everything is all worked out now, including you.

Curtain! Dress rehearsal is on. You squirm through the whole play listening to people "fluff" their lines, watching light cues come on in the wrong place, noticing the whole set tremble when Joe slams the door, biting your fingernails to the quick when Betty rips her costume. What a pleasant evening!

You spend all night fixing over a few costumes, changing the make-up chart, putting more braces on the set, making out a light cue sheet, adjusting the dimmers, rearranging the furniture, and changing a few lights. Before you know it, the performance time has arrived. Once more the mad last minute rush, and then the brave shout, "Curtain!"

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The play is over. Everyone is congratulating the actors on their fine performances; a few tell you what a nice play it was and what a pretty set "you children" made. You crawl off into a corner to try to collect all your separate parts.

# "Torchy," the Terror of the Tower

LEE CALDWELL

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1946-1947*

AMONG THE STUDENTS, SHE WAS KNOWN AS "TORCHY," the terror teacher in the Tower; in class she was meekly and respectfully called Miss Austen. Her dynamic dual personality combined a harsh, sarcastic strictness and a quick temper with a sweet, sorrowful sentimentality. Because she taught sophomore speech, a required course, no one graduated from our high school untouched by a stinging remark from her sharp tongue or a kind wish from her big heart.

My earliest impressions of "Torchy" were formed by tales heard from the sophomores who delighted in terrorizing the freshmen. We were plagued with experiences of students who were bitterly ridiculed in front of their classmates by her biting comments. She mimicked their voices, scoffed at their speeches, and scowled sourly at their attempts at humor. They made us fear her long, impossible assignments, warned us that she never gave A's, and that at any time she might call on us to entertain the class with an impromptu speech.

And then I saw her in the hall—her red hair (which it was rumored was dyed in order to provide a good excuse for her hot temper) piled in tight curls on top of her definitely up-tilted head. Her skin was chalky white. There was no smile on her face; she wore a scowl which confirmed the tales I had heard. She carried her tall, slender, neatly dressed body regally. As she stalked by me, I was instilled with a dread and fear of her which persisted throughout high school.

With wobbly knees I mounted three flights of stairs to her Tower room the next year and met Miss Austen. The sophomores had been right; she was cruel. She gloried in belittling our speech efforts; she made us miserable with nasty criticism of our stage presence; she laughed at us as we made fools of ourselves pantomiming "Is this a dagger I see before me?" In the middle of a speech, she shouted, "Put your feet together!" or "Wipe that chessy cat grin off your face!" After giving a speech, we were forced to remain on the platform while she insisted, "What's terribly wrong with her, class?" Reluctant members made feeble comments—"Well, I thought her speech was pretty good." "You know perfectly well you didn't think any such thing," interrupted Miss Austen while both pupils cringed. Football players were constantly reminded of a lost game; or, if they had played well, she inquired, "Why don't you show off as well on this platform as you do on the football field?"



Her childish temperament was evident on days when she sulked all period, speaking only to call on students to give speeches. When she lost control of her temper, she stood before us with piercing eyes, deathly pale face, tightly clenched fists, and spoke in a tense, taut voice, "You people make me so angry that I'd like to hit each one of you **HARD!** You're stupid, lazy and — and I don't care what happens to **ANY** of you!" An electric silence enveloped the room as she glared steadily at each one of us until we could almost feel the sting of her eyes. Then, a sly smile curled the corners of her lips, turned into a loud, throaty laugh, and we knew the tempest was over. For the rest of the period, she couldn't be sweet enough to us.

Her excellent voice and knowledge of acting gave her the job of Junior Play director. Between scenes during rehearsals we were sometimes able to draw aside her outer coat of aloofness and find underneath a friendly person. We soon discovered that she was eager to know us better, that she could laugh at a joke, and that she had a warm, sympathetic heart. On stage, though, we still felt her cutting sarcasm if we forgot a line or missed a cue. Two days before the play was to be presented, she walked out of rehearsal in a huff, saying, "I'm through with this whole damn play!" Ten minutes later she was back, tearfully pleading with us to "get into character."

It was while we were seniors in her rhetoric class that we learned of her sentimentality. While severely lecturing us on our lack of school spirit, she changed the subject to how much high school would mean to us later, and then told us what wonderful times she had had in high school. The most vivid example of her sentimentality, I remember, took place on the first day of a month. As she tore the past month off the large calendar in front of the room, she turned to us with tears in her eyes. "Do you seniors realize how quickly this last year is going? It makes me feel so old when I remember how gangling and awkward you were as sophomores in my speech classes and now you're all grown-up seniors and practically graduated. . . ." By the end of her lecture, she had convinced each of us that nothing finer could happen to us than to start high school over again, including her speech course.

I pieced together enough of the fragments of her stories of her life to realize that she had been the only girl and youngest child in a large family. She had grown up with her brothers and without the close friendship of any girls. Evidently, she and her father had been very close, for after his death, she felt lost. Unmarried at forty (only an approximate guess) and possessing an anti-social personality, she was content with teaching school.

Those of us who knew both sides of Miss Austen's personality grew to admire and respect her, not only for her able teaching and strict discipline, but also because we truly enjoyed this dual personality.

# American Vendetta

HOWARD D. KOONTZ

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947*

**D**URING THE MIDDLE YEARS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, everyone in Kentucky knew that convictions for murder and manslaughter were extremely difficult to obtain because of poor prosecution and lenient juries. It was the knowledge of this fact that led to the greatest blood feud this country has ever known.<sup>1</sup>

Writers disagree as to the real cause of all the trouble which existed between the Hatfields and the McCoy's around 1880. Some say that it resulted from the death of Harmon McCoy during the Civil War; others contend that it resulted from an argument over a hog; and still others insist that the courtship of Janse Hatfield and Rosanna McCoy touched off the whole affair.

When the Civil War broke out, Anderson "Devil Anse" Hatfield joined the Confederate forces, and Harmon McCoy became a Unionist. Shortly before the war ended, "Devil Anse" killed Harmon McCoy in one of the minor battles,<sup>2</sup> and it was not long until everyone in Kentucky knew that "Devil Anse" had carved the first notch on his gun. Not long after the end of the war, Hatfield met Harmon's father quite by accident as the former was en route home. A short argument followed because McCoy disliked the air of importance displayed by Hatfield, who had attained the rank of captain. Even though they did not come to blows, a definite dislike for each other resulted.<sup>3</sup>

Everything went along rather well until 1878. During this period, the men of Pike County, Kentucky, didn't take too much care in keeping up their stock. So, at various times they would go out into the hills to gather all the stock stamped with their particular brand. Floyd Hatfield had just completed this task one day when Randall McCoy rode up to his pig pen, declared that Hatfield had one of his hogs, and said that he was determined to get it back.<sup>4</sup> Since Randall McCoy always let the law settle his disputes, he took the case to "Deacon" Hatfield, who was justice of the peace. Many testified as to the ownership of the hog. Selkirk McCoy even testified for the Hatfield cause, but, nevertheless, "Deacon" Hatfield did what he thought was right

<sup>1</sup> W. Child, "Stalking the Biggest of Big Game," *Everybody's Magazine*, 20 (March, 1909), 427.

<sup>2</sup> "Life Visits the Hatfields and McCoy's," *Life*, 16 (May 22, 1944), 108.

<sup>3</sup> Jean Thomas, *Big Sandy*, New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1940, pp. 177-180.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 181.



and awarded the verdict to McCoy. While the Hatfields looked on in anger, Randall carried the hog from the courtroom under his arm.<sup>5</sup>

This decision did not sit right with "Devil Anse," but by election day in 1880, all differences had been forgotten. Members of both families were drinking whiskey from the same jug when Janse Hatfield, the eldest son of "Devil Anse," noticed a pretty young McCoy standing nearby. Thus began the courtship of Janse and Rosanna McCoy, the attractive daughter of Randall. Although "Devil Anse" would not permit his son to marry a McCoy, he did not object if she remained under the same roof with his son, unmarried.<sup>6</sup>

Almost immediately, Janse began to court other women, and Rosanna, who was going to become a mother, was persuaded by her sisters to return home. However, in order to avoid violence, she kept her secret. Janse persuaded her to return to his house, but when he again neglected her, Rosanna went to live with her aunt, Betty McCoy. Janse visited her from time to time, but once he lingered too long. Talbert, Pheman, and little Randall seized and tied him, and then carried him away on horseback. It was their intent to even the score with Janse for mistreating Rosanna, but the aim was never realized.<sup>7</sup> Rosanna informed "Devil Anse" what had happened, and he took immediate action by gathering a band of Hatfields to search for Janse. They accomplished their aim, released Janse, and sent the three McCoy's home at the point of a gun.<sup>8</sup>

As time went on, neighbors quarreled among themselves, but relatives seemed to be drawn closer together. The Hatfields were no exception. Bill Staton, brother-in-law of Elliston Hatfield, met Sam and Paris McCoy while hunting squirrel one day. Staton threw a large rock at Sam's head and then shot Paris in the chest. A hand-to-hand fight followed, and Sam McCoy, who was only fifteen at the time, fired and killed Staton.<sup>9</sup> Paris surrendered to the law and pleaded self-defense so convincingly that even Justice Hatfield had to release him. Sam, who had fled to the mountains with Elliston Hatfield in close pursuit, was brought back, tried, and also acquitted of the murder charge.<sup>10</sup>

On election day in 1882, the Hatfields and McCoy's were drinking together again. Talbert recalled a loan of one dollar and seventy-five cents made to Elias, son of Floyd Hatfield, and tried to collect. Elias denied the debt; Talbert knocked him to the ground, and was arrested by the constable; but he was released when Elliston called him several unpleasant names.<sup>11</sup> Elliston jumped at Talbert, and a knife fight followed as both fell to the ground. When Elliston picked up a rock to crush Talbert's head, Framer McCoy

<sup>5</sup> John L. Spivak, *The Devils Brigade*, New York: Brewer and Warner Inc., 1930, pp. 33-39. <sup>6</sup> Thomas, *op. cit.*, pp. 183-189. <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 189-192. <sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 195.

<sup>9</sup> "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," *Literary Digest*, 68 (March 12, 1921), 47. <sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* <sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*

shot him. Talbert, Framer, and Randall Jr. were arrested and taken to jail.<sup>12</sup> When "Devil Anse" arrived on the scene, he ordered a group of his men to storm the jail, capture the prisoners, and hold them until the fate of Elliston was revealed.<sup>13</sup>

When Randall McCoy heard of the capture of his three sons, he told his family not to start violence by trying to free the prisoners. Then he went to the spot where the three boys were being held and informed the Hatfields and his sons that he was going to Pikeville to get the authorities. In the meantime, Mrs. McCoy went to the Hatfield home and pleaded with "Devil Anse" to let the law settle their dispute, but he said that if Elliston died, her sons died too.<sup>14</sup>

"Ole" Randall was unable to get any action from the authorities in Pikeville, and before he returned, the Hatfields had murdered his sons. A coroner's report stated that the boys had met death by a person or persons unknown. Even this didn't stop Randall's faith in the law. Each time a crime was committed, he would go for the authorities, but they would refuse to prosecute. Many times he pleaded to the governor of Kentucky and in turn to the governor of West Virginia, the state in which the Hatfields lived, but permits to return the criminals to Kentucky for trial were never awarded.<sup>15</sup>

In spite of his numerous failures, Randall kept the indictments alive from 1882 until August, 1887, when a new governor was elected in Kentucky. Immediate action followed. Governor S. B. "Honest Buck" Buckner appealed to Governor Wilson of West Virginia, but his message failed to gain its purpose. Governor Buckner then sent for Frank Phillips, one of his most capable men, and instructed him to get results in the quickest way possible. Phillips ignored the governor of West Virginia, and, with the aid of several McCoyes, he brought two Hatfields back across the West Virginia line into Kentucky.<sup>16</sup> "Devil Anse" was furious when he heard that Phillips was getting members of his family illegally, and in order to protect himself and his family against such raids, he ordered the entire family to dig broad ditches around their houses and to construct drawbridges.<sup>17</sup>

Many attempts had been made upon the life of Randall McCoy, but each had failed. "Devil Anse" and his crew had evaded the law for five years, and they disliked their opponent's latest move. As a result, they decided to organize a few of their clan and put an end to the main source of their worries.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Spivak, *op. cit.*, pp. 83-88.

<sup>13</sup> "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," p. 51.

<sup>14</sup> Harold Wilson Coates, *Stories of Kentucky Feuds*, Knoxville: Holmes-Darst Coal Corporation, 1942, pp. 215-220.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 222.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 223-227.

<sup>17</sup> "Life Visits the Hatfields and McCoyes," p. 110.

<sup>18</sup> Coates, *op. cit.*, pp. 226-228.



At midnight on the first day of 1888, "Cap" Hatfield headed a mob with their minds set on killing Randall McCoy and anyone else who might be in the way. Randall's house was fired upon, entered, and then burned, but he managed to escape. Two were killed in the raid, and Randall again set out for Pikeville, still placing his faith in the law. This time his words did not fall on deaf ears.<sup>19</sup>

Phillips' posse went into West Virginia to round up the offenders of the law and bring them to Kentucky for trial. However, the United States Supreme Court started habeas corpus proceedings to get the criminals back into West Virginia. In spite of this writ, the McCoys eventually won out. Two Hatfields were hanged, and many of their clan were imprisoned for life.<sup>20</sup>

The McCoys wanted to stop fighting, but the Hatfields sought revenge against all who had helped the McCoys track down members of their clan.<sup>21</sup> Nevertheless, except for minor skirmishes which took place after 1888 in Kentucky, the only events of violence were those relating to the operation of the coal mines.<sup>22</sup>

If Kentucky had had a better system of education and more qualified law enforcement officers, these feuds could probably have been eliminated. There was just no one there to serve as mediator for the rival clans. Since the death of "Devil Anse" in 1921, several cases have been presented which show what can be accomplished if the law is enforced and if all parties put their faith in the law.

In 1912, Ed Callahan was shot from ambush as a result of a feud with the Deaton-Smith faction which had lasted more than twelve years. Instead of continuing this feud, his daughter, Mrs. Clifton Cross, set out to obtain evidence to convict the assassins, without their knowing that they were being investigated. The evidence she presented was so clear-cut that fifteen were indicted for their crime.<sup>23</sup>

About the same time in 1921 that "Devil Anse" died Judge Hiram Johnson of the twenty-seventh district called two feuding factions into court. State troops were called into court to protect the feuders from each other and to protect the court from the feuders. On the fourth day, Judge Johnson appealed to each side to have faith in the court, assuring them that any trouble which might arise would be settled legally. After his brief plea, both parties shook hands and again called each other by their first names. Since this method worked so well, Judge Johnson repeated it in many later cases.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Spivak, *op. cit.*, pp. 193-199.      <sup>20</sup> Coates, *op. cit.*, pp. 234-237.

<sup>21</sup> "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," p. 55.

<sup>22</sup> Spivak, *op. cit.*, pp. 310-325.

<sup>23</sup> "Avenging Her Father's Death," *Literary Digest*, 45 (November 9, 1912), 864.

<sup>24</sup> "Ending the Feud Without a Rifle," *Literary Digest*, 72 (March 18, 1922), 36.

In 1921, another family moved into the house previously occupied by "Devil Anse." On one of the walls, they found the domestic motto, "There is no place like our home." Just below this, one of the new tenants wrote, "leastwise not this side of hell."<sup>25</sup>

The last meeting between the Hatfields and the McCoy's took place in 1944. June Hatfield, great-granddaughter of "Devil Anse," and Susie McCoy, great-granddaughter of Randall McCoy, met on a train bound for Elkton, Maryland. Both girls were going to get a job in a defense plant, and after learning the identity of each other, they decided to get a room together. The arrangements proved to be very satisfactory and within a few months, June decided to marry a McCoy in order to help keep the peace between the two families.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>25</sup> "Two Razorbacks and the South's Biggest Feuds," p. 55.

<sup>26</sup> "They Ain't A-feuding No More," *American Magazine*, 137 (June, 1944), 133.

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## Lost Men

ANONYMOUS

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1946-1947*

OUTSIDE THE DOOR A WHITE-CLAD ORDERLY SAT, HALF asleep, rocking perilously on the rear legs of his chair. Inside were men whose minds had found another world. For some, it was a world of beauty, a world of peace, free from fear and the noise of war. For others, it was a world of constant, hellish torment.

A little man, with a tinge of gray in the hair about his temples, was sitting beside his perfectly made-up cot. Here was a man of God who had lost his faith — nothing was left. A short time ago, he had worn the uniform of an army chaplain. He had often raced with death to give assurance to



questioning, dying men. He had snipped small metal tags from dismembered bodies. He had seen men sweat with the toil of killing. He had lain awake at night amid the sound of distant bursting shells and dreamed of home and the smells of summer in Ohio. And now, at last, he had found a refuge in his dreams and a new unbounded faith, a faith in dreaming.

A young man with a fair, almost feminine complexion, sat near the window, sobbing softly. A shock of soft, curly red hair lay gently against the hands that covered his face. This boy, for he was scarcely more than a boy, had been trained to pilot a medium bomber. He had enlisted at eighteen, to find the exciting feeling of mastery over space and time. He had found it. He had flown across the ocean to India. He had seen strange people and strange customs. He had lived in huts of mud and grass, and he had waited — he had waited for a vague something that at once meant fear and excitement — he had waited for the climax of his glory, or the abrupt finality of mysterious death. He had waited, and it never came. He, too, began to dream and woke up screaming.

There were three other men in that heavy, silent room. One stood leaning against the little-used game table and rhythmically moved his canvas-sandaled feet to the memory of West Point drums. Another sat and watched the jeering faces of one-time comrades appear and vanish in mocking repetition. The other had found blissful sleep.

The orderly stirred. His chair creaked. He settled himself and went on dreaming.

## Temple Episode

ALBERT L. HALL, JR.

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

ALMOND EYES CAUTIOUSLY PEER AT ME FROM BEHIND black lashes and high, yellow cheek-bones, then are quickly averted, once more to gaze down at the hot, loose gravel, scuffed by countless wooden sandals. I am an unwelcome intruder in a sacred spot, the beautiful Hashiman temple in the tiny village of Kamakura, Japan, where hundreds of Shinto Nipponese come daily to worship. Trying to make myself less conspicuous, I retire a few yards from the wide approach to the auspicious temple and interest myself in observing the Japanese who are advancing singly or in groups to offer their prayers to their god.

Soon a woman comes toward me with her tiny daughter, a miniature counterpart of the mother. They are both adorned in black kimonos, em-

broidered with gold, red, and green; both have their ebony hair tied in a neat knot above the nape of the neck; both wear the simple wooden sandals of the poor. They walk with hands joined, the woman wearily shuffling, the child patiently trudging beside her.

The imposing edifice looms above them as they near it, its mass embellished by the intricacies of Oriental architecture. The altar itself, dwarfed by the structure which houses it, is located behind an iron grill at the top of a great flight of stairs, the sole means of access to the temple. Here, a few blocks from the busy markets of the village, all is serene. A silence hangs over all, broken only by the wind's gentle sighing in the surrounding tree tops.

Woman and child make the tedious ascent to the altar of their god, where both kneel, hands pressed palm to palm over their breasts. The little one, uncertain of the correct procedure, glances warily at her mother to assure herself. After several moments of silent prayer, the weary woman rises and casts her meager offering of two small coins over the pale to the foot of the altar. Then she takes her daughter's hand, and together they slowly retrace their steps without a backward glance.

The awful silence persists, broken intermittently by the chirping of a lonely bird. I am left feeling very humble indeed by the simple but impressive ceremony. No matter what the religion, no matter who the god, it is the faith and only the faith that has meaning and importance. If there be a heaven, woman and child will trudge there, happily, until the end of time.

### **Ich Spreche Deutsch**

Early one morning, I was rudely awakened by the first sergeant bellowing in my ear that the captain wanted to see me immediately. While wondering what I had done wrong, I struggled into my clothes and hurriedly plowed my way through the fresh drifts of snow.

Arriving at headquarters, I found the captain standing very close to a small, glowing pot-bellied stove. He stared at me for a few minutes and then asked if I could speak German. I admitted I could, but had not spoken the language for several years. Pulling a book from his pocket, he thrust it into my hand and said, "Here is a book of military commands in German. Learn them and be ready to march the prisoners into camp when they arrive this afternoon."

As I left the office, my head was spinning like a top. Sure, I knew German, but it was high school German; I'd never spoken to a real German before.

By noon I had memorized most of the commands and started for the station with the captain and a detail of guards. Although we arrived almost an hour early, the captain immediately placed the guards along each side of the road just in case the train should by some strange accident arrive ahead of schedule.

When the train finally arrived, the prisoners silently poured out and moved into orderly rows. Wondering if they would understand me, I took a deep breath and in my best voice of authority shouted, "Wer ist euer Gefangnenführer?" Immediately one of the prisoners stepped forward, saluted, and in nearly perfect English, replied, "Group-leader Müller reporting, sir!" — WILLIAM E. DYE

# Anoxia

EUGENE J. NEWBERG

*Navy Pier Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1946-1947*

JOHN NEWPORT AND I WAITED OUTSIDE THE LOW, squat building. Over the entrance hung a sign which read, 22nd HIGH ALTITUDE TRAINING UNIT, MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA. Two months as cadets in pilot training and we were finally going up for the first time — about seven miles up. The odd part about it was that we would never leave the ground. The decompression chamber simulates conditions above the earth. When the rest of the cadets that were to make the trip arrived, fifteen of us in all, we filed into the building.

John and I had learned, from an upperclassman, that from each group two cadets were asked to be guinea pigs. "The trip is a lot more fun and interesting if you're a guinea pig," the upperclassman had said. John and I decided we would volunteer. Inside the building a corporal met us and said, "Before you gadgets go in the chamber you'll have to listen to a short talk by the flight surgeon. Go into the lecture room and sit down." We went in and sat down. During the lecture the flight surgeon explained the purpose of the trip and what to expect. "The purpose of this trip is to impress upon you the importance of oxygen discipline," he said. "Anoxia, which is the lack of oxygen in the bloodstream, has no symptoms to warn the victim. It is a pleasant way to die, but I'm sure none of you are in the market for dying. So take care of your oxygen equipment and it will take care of you." He concluded the lecture by saying, "I'd like two cadets to help me demonstrate the effects of anoxia while on this —" this was our cue, so John and I raised our hands. He stopped, smiled and said, "O.K., you beavers, and the rest of you report to the chamber." In his office he gave us a quick physical, and then we went to the chamber. When we arrived, the other cadets were already seated. The chamber was oval shaped and the fifteen bucket seats were arranged in a semicircle. Alongside each position hung an oxygen mask. Above each seat a number was painted on the wall. The numbers ran from 1 to 15. The chairs numbered 11 and 13 were vacant, for they were the guinea pig seats. John was number 11 and I was number 13.

The operator of the chamber was outside, but there was a triple layer plate-glass porthole through which he could look in. The flight surgeon, who was to go up with us, really controlled the trip. By means of hand signals he told the operator whether he wanted ascent or descent.

When I sat down in chair 13 the flight surgeon came over and asked me to take off my shirt. Taking a small microphone he taped it on my chest below my heart. The microphone was connected to an electric graph, mounted



at the end of the chamber, which would register my heart beats by means of electric lights. Then he took a small photo-electric cell and connected it to the lobe of my ear. This cell sent a beam of light through the lobe. As the oxygen content in my blood changed, the color of my blood would change, thus letting more or less light through. There was a graph for this also. The graphs, mounted next to each other, were labeled "oxygen content" and simply "heart." The other cadets would be able to observe graphically how the altitude would affect me physically.

"Everybody will put his oxygen mask on except number 13. He will go up as high as he can without oxygen," said the flight surgeon. He then signaled the operator to start the ascent and we went up slowly to avoid getting the bends. It would take about 45 minutes to get to 38,000 feet — our destination. Once there we were to stay an hour and then come down. Since it would take quite some time, magazines were passed out. At about 5,000 feet the flight surgeon lit a candle and placed it at the end of the chamber. It had a long wick and the flame extended three or four inches above the candle. As we went up, the flame grew shorter.

At about 20,000 feet I noticed a fly walking across the top edge of the magazine I was reading. I turned a page and he jumped off, intending to fly away. Although he beat his wings madly, it was no use. There just wasn't enough air to beat his wings against. He went into a nose-dive and hit the floor. He picked himself up, and I could almost see how bewildered he was. Bending over I gave him a nudge with my finger, and he ran across the floor a few inches again, flapping his wings. Although he got an inch or two off the floor, he fell back exhausted. Again he picked himself up, and by this time I imagined he was a pretty puzzled fly. The last time I saw him he was walking back under my chair, probably going back to a corner where he could sit down and try to figure this thing out.

At about 26,000 feet the flight surgeon came over and sat down on a small stool directly in front of me, with an extra oxygen mask in his lap. We all had throat mikes and earphones so that we could converse. I didn't really need a mike, but the rest did because their oxygen masks covered the lower part of their faces. According to the graphs my oxygen content was very low and my heart was working very hard. The flight surgeon asked me how I felt. I said fine. I really did, although my vision had failed more than 50 percent and my coordination was very poor. At the time I realized none of this.

He handed me a pad and pencil and asked me to write my name and serial number. Although I scrawled them out, they looked as though they had been written by a child in fourth grade. Since nothing seemed amiss to me, it looked perfectly normal. Then he asked me to count to twenty-five up and back. This took me quite some time, but I made it. At about 28,000 feet he asked me to write my name again. This time the letters were about three inches high and I scrawled right off the edge of the paper. I was holding the pad in

my lap, and when I went off the paper I wrote a couple of the letters on my pants before I realized what I was doing. I was holding the pencil very tightly, and writing took all the concentration I could muster. Some of the other cadets were laughing so hard they had tears in their eyes. I couldn't figure out for the life of me what they were laughing at. The flight surgeon was now watching me very closely and was holding the extra oxygen mask a few inches from my face. The last thing I remembered was feebly trying to push his arm away and mumbling, "I won't need oxygen for a long time, doc; I feel fine." Then I passed out. A few gulps of oxygen and I was back to normal.

John provided his part of the entertainment at about 35,000 feet. The flight surgeon had him take his mask off. He lasted less than a minute. The greater the altitude the quicker you go. All in all, the trip was a success. We were definitely impressed with the dangers of anoxia.

## None But the Lonely Heart

By Richard Llewellyn

MARGE HALVORSEN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1946-1947*

THE LAST BLOODY NOTES OF AGGIE'S FIDDLE BE GONE. He liked that song — proper smashing it was, He liked it. "None But the Lonely Heart." A bit melancholy, but He don't mind. He'll be all right, He'll get 'long bleeding well without Ma nor nobody. He'll be bleeding right, all right.

He's Ernest Verdeen Mott, He is — Ern, most blokes calls Him. 'Round Jim Mourday's — the flash boy — the blokes calls Him "Smasher." He busts windows good He does. That's what He's headed for now, smashing windows with them other mugs — easy money, blimey, easy money. He'll be sporting well off if He sticks by the flash guys; all the brides'll look at Him different like. He ain't just going to be Ern Mott, good old Ma Mott's son, the bloke who wanted to be an artist like His pa. He's going to be big boss 'round here, someday.

The melodious, melancholy theme of the book *None But the Lonely Heart* echoes in my ears — the broad cockney, singing low, steady. Richard Llewellyn has written another book, full of sympathy and human emotions, which can stand proudly beside *How Green Was My Valley*. There is not nor can there be any comparison between the two books, for each is splendidly real in its own way. Mr. Llewellyn has gone from the idealistic

family life and ideas of the Morgans in *How Green Was My Valley* to the realistic, humdrum, get-along-somehow existence of Ernie Mott and of the "bokes" 'round him, just like him. From the moment you start reading *None But the Lonely Heart*, the characters so vividly depicted come alive, move about naturally, normally: Ern Mott, who spends his time loafing around the Fun Fair — comparable to our penny arcades with a juke box, shooting gallery, and gambling concession thrown in — and whose only ambition is to get rich as easily and as fast as possible; his tender, gentle Ma — ". . . as for laughing . . . she nigh on busted the windows. Funny sort of laugh it was, and all, very high and trembly, and proper loud, and she always finished up holding her mouth with one hand, and the two halves of her blouse with the other, shutting her eyes tight and holding her breath as though she thought something was going to happen to her, somehow" — who, although she is a thief as far as the police are concerned, believes that shoplifting isn't against the law, "It's only taking your rights from them as has more than they can handle"; and the unbelievable Henry Twite, Prince of Derelicts, hospitable, gentle, living in a world of his own making, a world of his own type of justice.

When I first decided to read this book of Mr. Llewellyn's, I was a bit skeptical, for I remembered the long hours spent interpreting the rich Welsh language in *How Green Was My Valley*, but there is no difficulty in *None But the Lonely Heart*. It reads like Ernie Mott's thoughts, straight from the heart, direct. The cockney slang and colloquialisms make the description precise, clear-cut, colorful: "Your dial" (face), "bleeding," "proper smashing." One thing which is disturbing about the book is Mr. Llewellyn's constant use of capital letters when speaking of Ernie — He, His, Him. At first there is no apparent reason for the capitals, but, as you read further into this man's thoughts, you suddenly realize the meaning of the capitalization. Ernie Mott is thinking, Ernie Mott is seeing, Ernie Mott is doing, so bläst the definite antecedents. The intimate feeling between you and Ernie would be lost if Mr. Llewellyn always referred to him as Ern. In order to clarify who the speaker is and still preserve this casual feeling toward Ernie, Mr. Llewellyn has capitalized all things which refer to Ernie's person.

If you wish to read a blow-by-blow account of life — first knocked down by the brutality of life and then gently lifted up by its beauty; if you want to read the "lonely truth" about life, simply expressed, by all means read *None But the Lonely Heart*. It's a proper smashing novel, it is.

### Arrival at Eighteen

After all, when you are eighteen you are supposedly well on your way toward becoming a mature person and a solid citizen. You can come into an inheritance or run away and get married or go buy whiskey in low, lewd places. In short, you have arrived. — DONNA HOLSMAN



# I'll Never Learn

JOHN W. DAVIS

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 7, 1946-1947*

THERE IS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THIS GIRL EXCEPT that she doesn't seem the type to walk into a cocktail lounge unescorted. Her clothes are neat and she wears them well. She has a cute thing on her head that could be called a hat; her make-up blends beautifully. Everything about her blends. Everything but her present environment. Being an audacious individual I walk over to her and blurt out, "May I help you?"

A common and overworked line I admit, but now is no time to try one of my deluxe lines. I don't want a date, just an explanation.

"No, thank you."

A quick reply, but it holds a pleasant tone that means she is the friendly type — as long as I stay on my own stool.

"Waiting for some one?"

"Yes."

"Husband?"

"No."

"Boy friend?"

"No."

"Girl friend?"

"No."

I am stopped. Here is a girl who is pretty, not married, engaged, or a pick-up. Who the devil is she waiting for? Oh well, I'll try again during my next intermission.

Seated behind the piano I must be making some impression on her because she smiles. I tactfully nod my head. No sense in rushing this thing. Then she does a surprising thing. She speaks first!

"Do you know 'A Stranger in Town'?"

What a spot for a cute answer. Waving aside the "corn," I start playing her request almost before she is through asking for it.

I slow the number down and put loads of expression in it. She sits gazing at a spot three or four inches above my chin. Right into my eyes! I wish she wouldn't do that. Those eyes of hers have more expression than any music! Something like her should happen to me on a lonely night. Hell! Any night — lonely or not.

I finish her number and quick, like a "bunny-rabbit," I start on some fast "boogie" to wake myself up. Maybe I can date this lass if her mysterious appointment isn't kept.

It is nearing "break time," and surely then something will happen. It does!

In walks a good-looking guy about fifty-two, a neat dresser — the kind that stands out in a crowd — a little gray above the ears, which helps all the more. Right up to my dream he walks. Oh, no! Not one of those "big executive-secretary" deals! I'll "molder" the guy. Then it hits me.

"Nancy, golly kid, but it's been a long time!"

"Dad —"

What conversation! It's like an amateur would write in a rhetoric theme.

Maybe I should impress "dad" and get that date. I should live so long. Papa's grinning like the better half of those theatrical masks that are on every opera program.

"How is the baby, Nancy? I can't wait to see it."

Brother — I can! You can't tell about women. Leave 'em alone and live longer, that's my slogan.

Saaaay — Is that blond by herself? It looks that way. Maybe — hmmm.

## Program Annotation and Pure Music

MORTON BERMAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947*

CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS AND CRITICS HAVE DISPLAYED an ever-increasing tendency to utilize a relatively recent innovation in the field of pure symphonic creation: namely, the writing of descriptive comment concerning a musical composition in the belief that these notes are essential for a thorough understanding of the work. This principle is completely opposed to the established idea that symphonic music is absolute music. Consequently, there have been among critics, composers, professional musicians, and even laymen, constant arguments as to the ultimate purpose of music. Of course, there is no set rule which states what the exact function of music should be. However, by placing music with art and literature under the general heading of Art and by comparing these three main types of creative expression, perhaps we can see more clearly the method of music as it differs from the methods of literature and art.

In literature, we have feelings, moods, ideas, and style all expressed by the writer through the medium of words. In art, which includes painting, architecture, and sculpture, ideas are expressed through the use of colors,

structure, balance, masses, and shapes. With music, expression is achieved through the use of melody, harmony, tone, rhythm, and composition.

Now, if the reader, for a greater appreciation, needs illustrations or a musical background while reading a literary work, it is an indication that the author could have done a better job of writing. In fact, he has not fully succeeded in expressing himself and has had to resort to means outside of purely literary methods. Have not Goethe, Milton, Wordsworth, and T. S. Eliot maintained their standing primarily on the basis of their written words?

In art, does the observer need a written program or musical accompaniment to appreciate fully a painting by Goya, Van Gogh, Modigliani, or Picasso? Must one "read up" on Rodin before realizing the profound power of "The Thinker?" Stand before a structure built by Frank Lloyd Wright or LeCorbusier. A hundred-piece symphony orchestra is not essential or even desirable for a greater appreciation of a magnificent example of architecture.

Yet with pure music there is a never-ending demand that the composer write program notes to go with his musical composition. Let us say, for example, that when Bach began his *Second Brandenburg Concerto*, his wife had just borne him an eighth child. Therefore, the master was transferring to his music the joy or annoyance (depending on his finances) which he experienced on the occasion. Is the listener's appreciation of this Bach work any deeper after he has learned of the incident? There are those who will bring up the example of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. Each of the five movements of the work has a sub-heading of a pastoral nature. Proponents of program content in pure music will argue that since Beethoven, who is probably the greatest composer in the symphonic form, felt it necessary to write a program for one of his major symphonies, then such a need should be recognized. However, the truth of the matter is that Beethoven never did write those sub-headings; they were composed by his contemporary critics and biographers! Beethoven's means of expression in that symphony, as in all of his symphonies, were completely musical with no program connotations intended.

Recently, after a recorded performance of Tchaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*, a student in a music appreciation class asked, "What is the story to the work? What was the composer trying to say?" The instructor explained that the music says whatever the listener wants it to say. When a composer uses an absolute music form, he is expressing purely musical ideas with no concrete or specific story or message to transmit. My attitude goes even further. Music should be listened to for its own sake. The objective listener, the one who can listen for the music's intrinsic value, can appreciate its true worth. Therefore, interpret music as you will, if interpret it you must. No program is necessary.



# Spiritual Resurgence in Russia

MARY ANNIS CRAWFORD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 13, 1946-1947*

PRIOR TO THE REVOLUTION IN 1917, THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT was closely connected with the Russian branch of the Greek Orthodox Church. Only religious marriages and divorces were recognized, religious education was taught in all the schools, and no anti-religious propaganda was permitted. Although the Church doctrines could not be questioned, its corruption was notorious, and the Orthodox Church was Russia's wealthiest institution. The Communists, when they had gained control of the country, declared religion an "opiate" of the people, and immediately destroyed its high status.<sup>1</sup> The Government took over most Church land and property so that the Church would be unable to function and, therefore, could in no way stop the progress of the new Soviet power.

Religious education was prohibited and religion could be taught only to one's own children. Religious marriage was deprived of its legal significance and divorces were very easy to obtain.<sup>2</sup> Propaganda was encouraged to substitute science for religion, an atheist society was organized, and paid propagandists published a weekly journal against religion.<sup>3</sup> No religious books could be printed; even the printing of Bibles and prayerbooks was curbed. Daily and weekly papers brought forth anti-religious propaganda, anti-religious museums were opened, and anti-religious demonstrations were conducted.

As religion was discouraged in Russia, the status of former high-ranking Christians was reduced to the lowest possible level and, unofficially, the Communists discriminated against active laymen. Believers could not join the ruling party, which granted all high positions to party members, because of the party's atheistic principles.<sup>4</sup> There was no alternative for the Christians other than to carry on during years of persecution, just as the Roman Catholics had sought refuge in the catacombs many centuries before. This maintenance of religious life did not represent the feeling of a minority, but was of immense dynamic force.<sup>5</sup>

The Orthodox Church declined, but was never completely destroyed. Old church leaders accepted the break between Church and State, for they

<sup>1</sup> N. S. Timasheff, "Religion in Russia," *Current History*, 8 (February, 1945), 105.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Jerome Davis, "Religion in the U.S.S.R.," *New Republic*, 112 (March 5, 1945), 330.

<sup>4</sup> Timasheff, *op. cit.*, p. 106.

<sup>5</sup> H. Iswolsky, "Spiritual Resurgence in Soviet Russia," *Survey Graphic*, 33 (February, 1944), 113.

realized people would retain their religious beliefs. Of course, some prominent religious leaders disapproved of Communism, but the head of the former Orthodox Church declared that the Soviet Government had God's sanction and that, therefore, all strife by religious persons against the Government must cease.<sup>6</sup>

After World War II, it was apparent that the patience and good judgment of the believers were rewarded. It had long been obvious that atheistic propaganda and attacks on the Church had been unsuccessful. Statistics showed that two-thirds of the adult rural population and one-third of the adult urban population had retained their faith. Even though churches were closed and the clergy were expelled, religion survived. "Roaming priests" went from village to village celebrating Holy Communion, performing marriages, baptizing children, and performing other religious rites.<sup>7</sup>

It was very disillusioning to the Communists that religion continued to be so vital in the lives of the populace. The attack was intensified in 1937 and 1938, but the Government experienced no success; in December, 1938, the attitude toward the Church changed, and the Communists declared that Christianity was not detrimental to the individual.<sup>8</sup> The feeling of the Government was expressed by President Kalinin, who stated, "We believe that religion is a misguiding institution and struggle against it by education. But since religion still grips considerable sections of the population and some people are deeply religious, we cannot combat it with ridicule."<sup>9</sup>

The war helped tremendously in the gaining of friendship between the Church and the State. Fighting in alliance with nations believing in religious freedom was an aid, but the devotion of the Soviet clergy during the war was of even greater importance. When Hitler attacked Russia, the Russian Orthodox Church fully cooperated in the war effort; many parishes made large donations to the War Fund. The Government appreciated the attitude of the Church in aiding the war cause, and, three months later, anti-religious museums were closed and the publishing of anti-religious journals was discontinued.

The Government became increasingly tolerant of religion, and in September, 1943, Premier Stalin approved the proposal that a congress be called to elect a patriarch and to organize a council for purposes of church government.<sup>10</sup> Thus, the Russian Orthodox Church was again recognized as a national body. Religion was given a new and respected position; all religions — Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant, and not just the Russian Orthodox Church — were acknowledged.

<sup>6</sup> Davis, *loc. cit.*    <sup>7</sup> Iswolsky, *loc. cit.*    <sup>8</sup> Timasheff, *op. cit.*, pp. 106-107.

<sup>9</sup> Henry C. Wolfe, "Soviet Rapport With Religion?", *Saturday Review of Literature*, 27 (June 10, 1944), 15.

<sup>10</sup> "Stalin to Permit Election of Head of Church," *Christian Century*, 60 (September 15, 1943), 1029.

The revival of the Orthodox Church under Stalin was complete when the Archbishop of York went to Moscow bearing the blessings of the British churches. The Orthodox Church also blessed the Russian Government and asked all Christians to unite in defense of their faith.<sup>11</sup> After his visit, the Archbishop of York stated, "There is an undoubted revival of religion (in Russia). Complete freedom of worship within their churches is granted to all religions. Anti-God propaganda has been suspended, godless museums are closed, and respect for religion is encouraged. The Orthodox Church has greater freedom than it ever had under the Tsars. The churches are crowded, though many are still closed or secularized. The change in the Soviet attitude toward religion is due to the recognition that religion cannot be eradicated, that a large proportion of the people of Russia are religious. . . ."<sup>12</sup>

The Soviet Government aided religion in many other ways. The Church was permitted to open a theological seminary, where students could study the history of the Christian and Russian churches, Christian apologetics, hymnology, history of Catholic, Protestant, and Anglican churches, and other subjects. The adopted course of study was free and money was provided for those needing assistance.<sup>13</sup> The Government also formed a council for religion under the Council of People's Commissars, which united all faiths.

Increased interest was shown in the Church among all the citizens; officers and also students from technical institutions began to attend services. Many new churches were opened, and, as early as 1941, there were 8,338 churches, synagogues, and mosques in the U.S.S.R., and 58,442 ministers and priests.<sup>14</sup>

The Government further established its sincerity by publishing a religious book, *The Truth About Religion in Russia*. This book was published upon the presses that had formerly been used for anti-religious publications, and was the first book devoted to religious problems and religious life that had been printed in the Soviet Union since 1917. A thousand copies were sent to the United States so that Americans would realize religion was alive and was tolerated in Russia. The Government was aware that its attacks upon religion had created considerable ill feeling among other powers.<sup>15</sup> The printing of Bibles and prayerbooks was also resumed at this time.

The Church and the State were separated and, therefore, the State granted no special privileges to a certain religion. Buildings, however, were tax exempt and were provided free of charge by the Government. Protec-

<sup>11</sup> "Restoration of the Russian Church," *Christian Century*, 60 (September 29, 1943), 1093.

<sup>12</sup> "Ten Days That Shook His Grace, the Archbishop of York," *Time*, 43 (May 8, 1944), 42.

<sup>13</sup> B. Downs, "Russian Orthodoxy's Offensive," *Newsweek*, 22 (December 27, 1943), 70.

<sup>14</sup> Stanley Evans, *Churches in the U.S.S.R.*, p. 87.

<sup>15</sup> Bernard Pares, "Religion in Russia," *Foreign Affairs*, 21 (July, 1943), 644.



tion was also given to the believers so that they could worship without being offended or receiving jeers. The courts punished severely those who infringed upon the privileges of believers.<sup>16</sup> In addition to these gains for the Church, in 1944, it was no longer illegal to teach religious education to groups of children.

Relations were almost cordial between the Government and the Russian Orthodox Church, and the Church has expressed its appreciation of Government aid. In like manner, when the head of the Church died two years ago, a high official represented the Government at the funeral.

The comparison between Russian religion today and the situation in 1922-1923, 1929-1930, and 1937-1938 reveals tremendous changes. Then the churches were considered as dangerous survivals of the past that should be exterminated, but now they are looked upon with favor and are considered valuable.<sup>17</sup> Clergymen also enjoy equal rights with all other citizens; they may be elected to public office, which is the most important right of Russian citizens.

Many believe that Stalin restored religious freedom to his people because it was necessary, during the war, to take away so much that they valued, and also because of his genuine love for the Russian people. By reinstating the Church as a part of Russian life, Stalin has removed a motive for internal dissension and has strengthened the spiritual unity of the people. He has also removed the "atheist" stamp from the whole of the U.S.S.R.<sup>18</sup> It is reassuring to know that any Russian may worship God according to the dictates of his conscience and also to know that this privilege will be maintained in the future.

<sup>16</sup> Evans, *loc. cit.*      <sup>17</sup> Timasheff, *op. cit.*, pp. 108-109.

<sup>18</sup> George LaPiana, "The Vatican and Soviet Russia," *Nation*, 162 (May 4, 1946), 532.

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## The Master of Ceremonies

W. Somerset Maugham is a great story-teller. In *The Razor's Edge* he has not only told a story; he has played a part in that story. We might compare Maugham to a master of ceremonies in a night club. He introduces his characters as they are needed for the continuity of the plot and as suddenly drops them when their particular mission is completed. His main actors encore frequently throughout the book. And old Somerset, the author, just sits back at his table at a French sidewalk cafe and listens to his people tell their individual stories or expound their philosophies of life.

Maugham is a great listener. He has to be, for many and varied people confess to him. Maugham uses little action in his book; he resorts to "flashbacks," he uses much description for the setting, he uses the troubled times after World War I for the background. But always present is Larry talking of his previous actions or Isabel speaking of her husband and the children. Maugham knows and states reality when realism is the mood of a particular phase of his story. To bring himself into more intimate terms with the reader he divulges some of his "love" life. He has a kept woman in Paris—kept by somebody else, however. An author presumably doesn't make as much money as a businessman.

Maugham introduces his friends to the reader; he does not judge them. He asks the question and then answers it himself. But he always states that it is his own opinion or philosophy of what is right or wrong; and "you can take it or leave it." Maugham tells this story in the first person. And in doing so he doesn't become a boor—an unusual, remarkable feat. He uses understatement throughout and his characters never get up quite enough emotion to "blow their tops." This gives the plot tenseness all the way to the final page. It creates an atmosphere of impending violence, violence that never materializes. In one case there is a murder, but the actual killer is not important. And Maugham on the final page has the effrontery to say that he may have left his readers up in the air.

—JAMES B. KINCH

## Reaching for a Star

About six months ago my older daughter, Donna, then two and one-half years old, was sitting with me by a big window from where we had a good view of a night sky. As fathers are prone to do, I was explaining the wonders of the stars. She nodded understandingly and requested, "Dit one for me!" I explained at length that it was impossible to get one for her because the stars were beyond my reach. She quickly countered, "Dit a chair." —HARLAN V. WHITE

# I Chose Freedom

ROBERT W. WEBER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1946-1947*

ON APRIL 3, 1944, THE NEW YORK TIMES REPORTED, "SOVIET OFFICIAL HERE RESIGNS." So ended the career of Victor Kravchenko in the Soviet government. This man, son of a liberal peasant, had started his career as a factory worker and had become one of the top engineers in Russia. He came to this country with the Soviet Purchasing Commission, and it was from this job that he resigned.

Since the end of the war, there has been a rearrangement of thought on the Soviet government. During the war years we looked upon Russia as having a government somewhat similar to ours, or at least one that we could work with. Now that the smoke has thinned, we are getting a different picture. We are aware of the present foreign policy of the Soviets, but we have had few glimpses of life inside Russia. Even during the war the "iron curtain" was never lifted. The few news reporters and government attachés who did remain in Russia for any period of time were so closely watched and restricted that their reports have little value. The few men who have been permitted to enter Russia and move about with some semblance of freedom are in all cases very strong "liberals." These men, Earl Browder; Alvarez del Vayo, European editor of *The Nation*; and Harold Lasky, British liberal, have brought back glowing reports of the living standards of the Russian people and the progress that they are making. Kravchenko gives an account that tells of inefficiency, corruption, fear, starvation, and suffering. Kravchenko, who climbed the entire distance of the social ladder in this "classless" society, is well qualified to present the suffering and fear at each level.

Edgar Snow, in his *The Pattern of Soviet Power*, makes the statement, ". . . you are astonished by some major accomplishment requiring a high degree of foresight and organization." Kravchenko, on the other hand, lays the success not to any planning but to the merciless use of labor. The increases of production cost millions of lives and were due not to skill or organization or foresight but to the long hours, low pay, impossible quotas, and threats of imprisonment and death to the workers.

According to Mr. Kravchenko there are approximately twenty million prisoners in the N.K.V.D. (secret service) camps. Only about ten per cent of these are there for crimes of robbery or murder. The remaining ninety per cent are political prisoners, men whose only crime may have been a careless word of complaint against some new order. The treatment of



prisoners is reminiscent of that described in Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night*, the difference being that, as Mr. Kravchenko states it, "Germany tortures her enemies, and we torture and imprison our people."

*I Chose Freedom* is more than just a book, more than a history, more than an autobiography of a Russian official. It is a warning to all liberals who are advocating a socialistic form of government that in an effort to free people they may create a monster that may be far worse than the present evils.

Kravchenko writes from a personal point of view. He has the advantage of having suffered from these abuses and has no need of the words *if* or *maybe*. He has merely to recollect, not imagine.

## Giz

MELVIN SCHULTZ

*Proviso (Maywood) Branch, Rhetoric I, 1946-1947*

GIZ WAS MY BUDDY. WE "SACKED-IN" IN THE SAME compartment. We shared our successes, failures, ambitions, lockers, blues, socks, comic-books, money, and women. We would have shared even Lana Turner, if that were possible. We fought constantly and yet were always at peace. We swore at one another, and the swearing was music to our ears. I often used to wonder how Giz and I were able to stand each other. We were different in many ways; yet, in spite of our differences, we were united. We were buddies.

You either liked Giz, or you hated him. I liked him, for he was an unusual character.

I think the most outstanding feature about him was his independence. His every action displayed it. It was his belief, his religion, his very outlook on life. He practiced it while others dreamed of it. Because of his independence he deeply resented authority. Often he would say, "No damn boat ensign is going to tell *me* what to do! If he's any better than me, he's going to have to prove it! I'm just as good as he is any day! That damn gold stripe don't mean a thing! Why hell! I've served more years than he's been in 'chow-lines'!" All of us said that at one time or another, but Giz was one of the few who "stood up" for what they said. As a result, Giz was usually restricted.

Giz's independence showed in many other ways. He would never do anything for a person if the person could do it himself. "Who was your slave last year?" he'd wisecrack. I don't mean to say that he would never do you a

favor. He was always doing favors for someone, but he would never do them to save the person from exerting himself.

Giz was independent with his women, too. If one of them gave him a bad time he'd merely say, "Well, honey, if that's the way you want to be, it's O.K. with me. So long!" Then he'd walk away to scout greener pastures. Yes, Giz was independent!

Giz was loyal, too. He was loyal to his friends, his family, his girl back home, and Detroit. To him Detroit was Utopia, Valhalla, the Promised Land. All cities and states were merely suburbs of Detroit. "It's the *only* place to live," he'd say. He was loyal to his girl back home, as all sailors are loyal to some girl, somewhere. She was Diana, Helen of Troy, Venus, and St. Joan, all in one. She was his symbol of chastity, reverence, and perfection. She was cute, too. Giz would marry her someday. "Some day we'll settle down, buy a little restaurant and raise chickens and kids." Some day Detroit will be inhabited by countless Gizmoes, each with sandy hair, a pushed-up nose, and a walk like a lazy Southern ducky.

Giz was a liberty hound. He would hit the beach as long as his health held out. If he were restricted, he would go over the fence. If he had the duty, he would go over the fence. Sometimes he'd even go over the fence just for the exercise. Going through the gate meant squaring your hat and rolling down your cuffs. "I'll be damned if I'll square up for any seaman deuce," came often from his lips.

Because of his liberty hound tendencies, Giz was always tired. Usually he'd average about twenty hours of sleep during the week. As a result, he missed many musters and slept through most of his watches. His fabulous luck saved him from serious consequences, but he could seldom dodge restrictions. He would naturally resent authority as long as he was restricted. It was a vicious circle.

Giz was a disciple of Walt Whitman, only he didn't realize it. He believed instinctively in the strong bond of comradeship, the constant worth of good men, the spontaneous practice of one's beliefs. He was never educated. What he learned he learned from life and experience; for philosophy as a study was unknown to him. His convictions were from the heart. He loathed deception and intrigue. He was outspoken and often rude, but his thoughts were never hidden. There was no latent hatred in Giz, for his reactions were on the surface, like those of children.

Yes, he was like a child in many ways — a grown, experienced, tired child. His actions were a strange combination of child-like enthusiasm and adult determination. He had adult desires, but satisfied them with the spirit of a child. His cursing, vulgar mannerisms and displays of wisdom were only a result of experience in a rough life. His spirit remained as uninhibited as that of a child.

# New Year's Eve in the Army

RICHARD KASTEN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

MY FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE IN THE ARMY WAS JUST another night of duty for me. Two months before, I had graduated from an army technical school with high hopes of becoming a useful soldier. Now, the day before New Year's, I was a yardbird. There were too many radiomen in the army; so I shovelled snow, sprinkled walks with ashes, and knocked off icicles that hung over officers' entrances. Now, New Year's Eve, I was a night fireman in a camp in North Carolina. My job required me to keep three stoves in squadron headquarters fired all night. I went on duty at 5:00 p.m.

I had the Charge of Quarters and the Officer of the Day for company. At 5:15 the C. Q. told me to wake him up at three o'clock in the morning and then went to sleep at the desk. The O. D. said he was tired, and he ordered me to make the bed that was in the commanding officer's office. He, too, was soon asleep. Fine company!

I poured some coal in the stove and watched the fire spring to life. It was warm, and I felt cheerful for a moment. I closed the stove. The silence of the vast room with its sleeping men produced a chill which the fire could not disperse. A feeling of lonesomeness and the uselessness of life at the moment caused a depression which the warm fire could not comfort. I decided to read a book.

Long and dreary hours passed. Suddenly two M. P.'s and a drunken soldier noisily entered. The drunk was left with me for disposal. He was so weak on his feet that a person could have knocked him over with a feather. In fact, it was Three Feathers that finally bowled him over — a whole quart of it. He cursed and kept saying, "The army is no good for nobody." I agreed with him and helped him to his barracks. I made his bed, and he plopped backwards onto it. As I tucked him in, he gave me a silly grin of comfort for my trouble.

At 11:00 the phone rang. It was a soldier who had gone to South Carolina on a three-day pass. He wanted to know if there was a telegram for him. There was. It said, "Divorce granted yesterday. Emma." The soldier thanked me.

At midnight I drank a coke from the coke-machine and said, "Happy New Year." Then I put more coal on the fire.

I read again but couldn't concentrate on the book; so I wrote a letter to a girl friend in Wisconsin and told her how much her letters inspired me.

At 3:00 I woke the C. Q. and helped him wake the K. P.'s. He rolled them out of bed and said, "Happy New Year! You're on K. P.!"



At 3:30 I woke the relief for the airplane guard. At 4:30 the airplane guard phoned from the hangar to inquire where his relief was. I woke the relief again and said, "You must have dropped over on your back and gone right to sleep."

"Yeah, I must *have*," he said, yawning.

At 7:00 my relief came. As I walked home, I passed several bluebirds chirping cheerfully. It was New Year's Day.

## The Infantryman

NEIL HEBEISEN

*Elgin Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1946-1947*

THIS IS THE INFANTRYMAN, DOGFACE, GRAVEL-grinder, or just plain Joe. He's been called everything and doesn't seem to mind it. He's no beauty and doesn't qualify as a Hollywood hero. Lines etch his face and circles rim his weary eyes. Clothes hang dejectedly from his slouching frame. Their mud, wrinkles, and smell match his dirty, unkempt body. His is no flashing smile. Instead dull tobacco-stained teeth peer out from the recess of his mouth. His face and neck bristle with month-old whiskers.

His courage is not that of the heroes of fiction, for he is not a hero. He wants to go home, and heroes have an uncomfortable habit of ending up in a mattress cover. His courage is the dogged relentless type that carries him forward when every fiber of his being tells him to hold back. It keeps him going after his legs have become leaden and his body feels as though the blood has been drained from it.

He is a fatalist. "Wonder if I'll get hit?" is not his question. "I wonder when I'll get it and how bad?" is his thought.

He is not a crusader. His is not a fight to save democracy. It's a fight to knock the other guy out so that he can get home.

His greatest ally is his sense of humor, the adrenalin to the weakly beating heart of morale. Setting a machine gun upon a bar and dividing his time fighting and drinking are not tactics, but they make war more pleasant. Taking a jaunt through a sniper-infested town on a bicycle is foolhardy, but it touches his ludicrous sense of humor. "Die laughing" is quite a literal expression to him.

He is first, last, and always an infantryman; yet he spends most of his spare time cussing his damned luck for getting him in the god-damned infantry. Don't make the mistake of agreeing with him. He allows no one the privilege of knocking his outfit unless he belongs.

# Death

TED KENDRICK

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

SHIMMERING VAPORS HUNG OVER THE CORAL AIR STRIP and danced in the light breeze. Bronzed men moved mechanically in search of shade in the empty parking areas. Trucks rested quietly in their motionless sleep while their drivers blew smoke from their cigarettes into the air. Shattered palm trees relaxed their shaggy branches and sighed softly.

A wary land crab shuttled across a patch of sand. The squadron mascot watched but decided against the useless chase.

Minutes and hours passed and the breeze vanished. The men shifted restlessly and strained to hear the drone of returning planes. The sleek mascot rose and stretched halfheartedly. He strolled among the ground crews but received no compliments. Cigarettes were thrown away half smoked.

Like the rapping of a door knocker on a deserted street, a call came over the control tower radio. A low pitched voice reported the positions of the returning planes. Men stood up, painstakingly brushing imaginary dust from their soiled breeches. As if for common comfort, they banded together in small groups. There was no oral conversation. Faces and hands talked together and were understood.

Heads were jerked in the direction of the control tower as another voice began to talk. It was an urgent, rapid message; a ship had been wounded and needed help. The message was repeated over and over until the voice ceased, as if realizing that it was giving no new information.

Men nodded to one another and relaxed as the faint moan of engines came to their ears. The control tower gave landing instructions and then hesitated as if wanting to give more help to the planes.

Ground crews walked like robots to vantage points along the landing strip. Drivers checked and re-checked their trucks' motors. Men suddenly found their foreheads covered with small beads of sweat. They told one another it was the sun. They lied, and everyone knew it. Fire fighting crews donned their equipment and climbed to their places with hands gripping the hot steel of the trucks.

Four B-24's suddenly were in view. Their engines became louder and louder until the island seemed to vibrate under their crescendo. Men stood transfixed, squinting their eyes in painstaking effort to notice something wrong.

There was no circling of the air strip. The first bomber lowered its wheels.

It hovered for a moment over the coral and then relaxed. Two distinct screams of the tortured wheels, together with a swirl of dust and smoke, testified that the plane had landed.

Men ran to the ship, eagerly asking for news of the raid — and their ships. Each crew asked and was satisfied but one. This crew was grimly silent as it walked back to its station.

The air was now filled with the roaring of planes. The control tower became an incessant stream of orders and directions. Planes landed close behind one another and taxied to their parking areas as if chasing each other. The air became a yellow cloud of dust as the slipstreams tore loose particles from the coral. Trucks and jeeps sped along the taxi strips like frenzied ants.

Now all the planes were down, except one. As a prelude, the wind suddenly rose and cleared the landing area of dust. All eyes were focused on the distant ship. A small stream of smoke was following the two starboard engines. No wheels were lowered and no parachutes flecked the sky. The entire crew was riding its ship in.

The motor of the makeshift ambulance grumbled and came to life. The tense driver licked his dry lips as he discovered the ship had no landing gear in position.

Still the plane kept coming and coming and the smoke grew darker and small flames lapped at the windmilling props of the two engines. The entire right side was obscured as the ship came over the edge of the runway.

It seemed to hang in the air as if steeling itself for the coming crash. Props grasped at the air as engines coughed. Slowly, reluctantly, the ship settled to the strip as if beaten and awaiting further punishment. Agonized screams pierced the air as metal and coral grated together. Dust clouds billowed up from beneath. Smoke mingled in the dust to enclose all but the nose and wings. Suddenly the tail veered up and the ship fell over on its back. A huge mass of orange flame enveloped the wreckage. Tongues of fire reached for the sky and sent swirling clouds of black smoke reeling through the air.

Like a beast that has satisfied his hunger, the flames died, to leave a charred skeleton of a once sleek bomber. Men stared, but saw nothing. They moved, but did not know it.

The land crab shuttled back across the patch of sand. The mascot watched, but did not chase it.

## Mac Awakens

When "Mac" awakened in the morning, or, more often, in the afternoon, he would not rise in the same manner as you and I might. He would open both eyes very slowly, gasp weakly, and say, "Cigarette!" He immediately had a cigarette thrust into his mouth. After he finished smoking, and he felt strength flowing back into his system, he would say, "Beer!" — MELVIN F. EHRENREICH



# Rhet as Writ

## Daffynitions:

*Bibliography* — a list of references from which a piece of Rhetoric has been taken.

*Who's Who* — tells about every famous man all over.

. . . .

Because his personality is a greater part of him, it should be intermingled with a humorous side and a serious side, and used with desecration.

. . . .

He was a true gentleman with maternal instincts.

. . . .

I could neither see the machine gun nor reach out and touch it, although it was only about fifteen yards away.

. . . .

Dancing not only develops coordination but also encourages an instinctive attitude toward the opposite sex.

. . . .

If this fad keeps increasing at the present rate, the language, in time, will be forgotten and man will be as unspeakable as a baby.

. . . .

The obstacle that affronts me is how to get my wife out of bed.

. . . .

He is tall for a white-haired man of his age.

. . . .

The danger had passed, and so I settled back to enjoy the wind and weather, but not my wife.

. . . .

Polonius was a perfect character for the part [in Hamlet].

## Honorable Mention

*Beverly Asplund* — I Smell Zack

*Carla J. Bond* — Deadline

*John J. Carroll* — *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James

*Delores Davidson* — Quiz Programs

*Robert Hallock* — A Grandson Comments on His Grandfather

*R. O. Hoffman* — Displaying Prize Hogs

*Marjorie Martin* — Childhood in a Village

*Ellen Meyer* — I Am an American

*Marion Obermeyer* — The Town Where I Was Born

*M. A. Poole, Jr.* — *Lusty Wind for Carolina* by Inglis Fletcher

*Edward Singer* — The Civilian Conservation Corps

*William Skorborg* — Atomic Energy in the Coming Era

*James Skufakiss* — A Reporter — Harold Cross

*Don Thurow* — Migrations of the Maya

*Rodolfo D. Vergara* — Antarctic Episode

